Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night-caps.

Children under seven years of age, should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and shoulders back while standing, sitting, or walking. The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of business. Persons in sedentary employment, should drop one-third of their food, and they will escape dyspepsia.

Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.

Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known three cases of insanity terminating in death which began in this practice.

Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

Reading aloud is conducive to health.

The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.

Sleeping-rooms should have a fire place, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows. Young people and others, cannot study much by lamp-light with impunity.

The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.—*Lond. Lancet.*

A True Lawyer.

Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title deeds, known only to their guardian who wanted to get the title vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and he said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honestly to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar, and to the age he lived in.

General Miscellany.

Autumn.

There is something in the air of the morning and evening, when it is yet early, that tells us the summer is rapidly drawing to a close, and makes one think of the cold days that will soon be here.

Look where we will, over the prairies and fields into the woods that skirt the water-courses, or through the orchards and gardens; everywhere we find that the strength and brightness of summer, which so short a time since succeeded the beauty and delicacy of spring, is rapidly turning into the mellowness and decay of the autumn. A russet tinge is noticeable in the warp and woof of nature's drapery—as if she felt that something more substantial than the gauzes and light fabrics of the sunny months past, was necessary to shield her from the heavy dews and fresh airs of the night.

The flowers, too, have not so gay an appearance as they had awhile ago. By the side of one [illegible] we can generally find two or three [illegible] and fallen, or that are withering and [illegible].

The [illegible] that whilom went hurrying along, now [illegible] their caps with white feathers as they [illegible] along to storm the barriers in their course, and then went sauntering like soldiers on parade over the smooth sands and sparkling pebbles that paved their promenade, all the time making the welkin ring with the hoarse notes of their charge and descent, or humming, as if to themselves, some low sweet lay that they must have learned from the zephyrs that allied with the grass and flowers around the fountain from whence the brook started on its winding way, even these, so strong awhile ago, and so full of laughter and glee, seem worn down by long summer wandering, and are content to lay sluggish and still in any shady nook or secluded covert in which they may happen to crawl.

How still the woods are getting to be! Now and then the drum of the woodpecker startles the ear, or the bark of the squirrel is heard, or the crow flaps through the bushes, "caw! caw! caw"ing as he goes, but these are nearly all the voices now of the grove. No matin in the morning salutes the sun as he fringes the dew-laden leaves with blazing diamonds, and no vesper hymn goes up to Heaven from a thousand tiny but musical throats, as the sweet singers of the woods are about to retire to their leafy bowers.

Let us away to the orchard. Here the trees are bending wearily beneath the rich fruits that they seem holding out in their arms, begging you to relieve them of. And we see that with every gust of wind that comes, more and more of the fruit is shaken to the ground.

All these things have a meaning in them—Nature is now preaching by them one of her most touching and eloquent sermons. And happy wilt thou be, O reader! if thou wilt listen to her voice, a little sad now, it is true, but for all that, speaking wise words and such as may give thee comfort.—*Springfield, Ill., Organ.*

Remarkable Story of an Albatros.

The subjoined anecdote of an albatros is taken from a recent number of the *Montreal Transcript*. The writer vouches for its fidelity to truth. Persons who have seen that most restless of birds, and are familiar with its strength and habits, (says the *Louisville Journal,*) will have less difficulty in believing in this story than those who have not seen It is an admirable story, and is very well told:

The following most extraordinary circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the 83d regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the 83d regiment to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in the sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamt of looking for it before.—During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and whilst the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the rolling waves, and growing every moment less most net, a large albatros, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel. Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, place its authenticity beyond a doubt But for the assistance thus afforded, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who after this should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatros; what eye could see safety under such circumstances; or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, *there may be an albatros* [illegible]

The Great Vocalist.

Never before, perhaps, has popular enthusiasm in this country risen higher, on the arrival of a celebrated stranger, than in the present instance. The antecedent fame of Miss Lind as a vocalist, great as it was, seems to have been fully sustained. Are we to account for this simply on the ground of her superior powers of voice, and her unequalled skill in its management? These, no doubtedly, are the original basis of her popularity. However excellent in other respects she might have been, if these were not conceded attractions, her name would scarcely have passed beyond the precincts of her native home. Providence gave her a voice; formed that throat and lungs for the emission of sweeter notes than ever before fell on the public ear. This was early discovered, and after the best of training under the ablest of masters, she has become the popular idol, and all who hear her unite in declaring that no language can do justice to her powers. By public acclamation she is placed at the head of her profession.

But were these powers, whether original or cultivated, not accompanied by moral qualities of a high order, would she have been so general a favorite, or have excited an interest, amounting almost to devotion, in all who are acquainted with her, or who listen to her strains?

How many fine voices, as sweet almost as hers, have been possessed by persons of doubtful morality, and have ministered to a depraved public taste! Have such persons ever excited more than a temporary interest; or have they left behind them reputation beyond the mere circle of opera supporters and musicians? We are obliged then to assume that Miss Jenny Lind's fame, though depending originally and principally on her powers as a vocalist, has also a wider basis, and one more enduring; in the high-toned morality of her conduct, the sweet simplicity of her manners, and the benevolent aims of her heart. These, united to her pre-eminent powers as a vocalist, make her, at this moment, more talked of, more admired and esteemed perhaps than any public character among us.—*Boston Traveller.*

Correspondence.

To the Newfoundland Readers of "The Wesleyan."

No. 13.

Dear Friends,—I have received communications from several of you. I cannot reply to you all individually, because of the postage, as I have to pay for my letters going to you, as well as for those I receive from you. All your questions, however, you will find answered in the *Wesleyan* newspaper. Those of you who do not take that paper I would advise to become subscribers immediately. Those of you who are in comfortable circumstances I cannot advise to come to this country. Every thing in this country is quite different to what you have been accustomed, not only as regards occupation, but also the habits, manners, and customs of the people. It would take years before you could feel at home. The sacrifice is very great indeed in becoming expatriated. I [illegible] the last time I saw the dear shores of [illegible] fade away in the distance, a [illegible] clustered around my heart of hearts and [illegible] never to see them again. I thought of the [illegible] farewell to the land of his birth—

"When [illegible]
Far over the waters [illegible]"

I often feel deep yearnings of heart towards [illegible] and I had trod from my infancy [illegible] never more shall see.

"The native soil to all how [illegible]
The place where first he breath[illegible]"

Thousands have been disappointed in coming to this country. Many persons imagine that by coming to this country, they will at once be placed in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—without toil. This is a great mistake—everybody must work here, and work hard, into whatever department they may enter.

To those who have no prospect before them, and whose circumstances are poor, I would say by all means come to the United States. You are sure to better your condition, but you must work hard. The other matters of which you wish to be informed have been published in my letters in the *Wesleyan.* I refer you then to that paper for further information. The thermometer is now up to 94 degrees, [illegible] the perspiration is literally pouring off of me in streams as I sit at the table writing this.

I am now in the lovely village of Springfield, called the "Queen Village" of New England. It contains a population of upwards of 11,000, situated upon the east bank of the beautiful Connecticut River. It is the centre of [illegible] land and river traffic, as well [illegible] manufacturing. It is [illegible] from New York city. [illegible] the village is called Mill [illegible] about two miles, [illegible] shaded on each side with [illegible] clothed with the richest [illegible] are of wood, brick, and [illegible] elegant. There are [illegible] and churches [illegible] United States [illegible] [illegible] all through the [illegible] are [illegible] 2 [illegible] A capital [illegible] beautiful view of the Rocky [illegible] The Store House [illegible] having a dome and [illegible] day seen flying the [illegible] [illegible] Monument is another [illegible] [illegible] You shall walk on admiring the lovely plumage and listening to the sweet notes of the warblers of the grove, until you find yourself on the brink of the Connecticut river, where you behold the finny tribes frisking and sporting on its sparkling waters. A walk in another direction brings you to what is called the Hill; that is the most beautiful part of the place. Here you enter a broad and elegant street lined with private residences, in front of some of which is a spacious lawn, in the centre of which is a fountain with its waters in full play. The lawn is laid out with gravel walks, shaded with trees of the most magnificent foliage, interspersed with rose trees, and other flowering plants. Flowers are as common in the United States as thistles, nettles, and chickweed, in Newfoundland. But amid all this rich luxuriance of nature lurks disease and death. Diarrhœa, dysentery, small pox, typhoid, typhus, and other fevers prevail in almost every place I have visited. More die of consumption in this country than of any other disease. This I think is brought on by their habits and manner of living, which would take me too long to explain.—The cholera morbus still lingers in some of the Western and Southern States. One case has lately appeared at Boston.

Last night (July 5th,) was the most awful and terrific night I ever witnessed. At six o'clock it commenced thundering and lightning, the lightning was in the zig-zag form—a form in which it is never seen in Newfoundland. About nine o'clock it was truly terrible, the rain poured in perfect torrents, it was preceded by a hurricane whirlwind, which tore up trees by the roots and did considerable damage to houses, &c. While the storm was at its height, between 10 and 11 o'cock, the lightning struck a barn and dwelling house, both of which were consumed, although the Firemen exerted themselves to put it out. The storm lasted till one o'clock. Steamboats on the river ran ashore and waited until the storm was over, afraid to proceed on their voyage. No one living in these parts had ever seen the like before. The lightning was incessant, and circled the whole heavens. The whole concave of the firmament appeared one mass of fire, in one place again it was "sheet lightning," and in another place assuming the zig-zag form—appearing in both forms at once. It was not a flash and then a pause, but a continuous unceasing fire over the entire heaven for three hours. It was like as if the world was on fire, and the end of all things at hand. A Congregational minister and myself paced the room in the greatest anxiety. Every one was solemnly impressed with the awful grandeur of the scene. The lightning appeared blue, white, and red. I hope never to experience such a night again.

P. Tocque.

Springfield, Mass., U. S., July 6th, 1850.

For the Wesleyan.

Annapolis Missionary Meetings, &c.

Mr. Editor,—Owing to incessant labour, on this populous and extensive Circuit, together with nearly three weeks constant missionary work, the health of the Rev. Mr. Pickles has been considerably impaired. Although his people, for his own sake, would willingly acquiesce in dispensing with his pulpit services, for the present, that he might recruit his health and strength, yet such is his zeal in his Master's cause, that he cannot be prevailed on to abandon his post, and therefore, it is to be feared his restoration to health may be rather protracted. To those who are favoured with sitting under his affectionate and spiritual discourses, this is a circumstance much to be deprecated; and it is sincerely to be hoped his recovery may be speedy and permanent.

The Missionary Meetings, throughout the [illegible] Circuit, were respectably attended. Our worthy Chairman, the Rev. [illegible] favoured us with a [illegible] which contributed very materially towards the prosperity of the cause. In clear and eloquent [illegible] everything relating to the Foreign Mission was submitted to the audience. The state of the heathen world was well described and feelingly advocated. As the whole was interspersed with good humour and anecdote, [illegible] told well for the effects still remaining on the minds of those who were then present. The [illegible] of the other Rev. Gentlemen, Messrs. Superintendent Marshall and Pickles, might be [illegible] and perhaps to run parallel with [illegible] Christian. It is not my object to [illegible] for themselves. In [illegible] places of [illegible] are [illegible] Best of [illegible]

Taking [illegible] the magnitude of the [illegible] and temporal—[illegible] section of the Christian Church [illegible] these [illegible] entrusted both [illegible] the good of others, that [illegible] our occupancy [illegible] and uncertain, it behoves us [illegible] claims on our liberality. For [illegible] conviction, that, if [illegible] the [illegible] amount, [illegible] for the support of the ministry, on this Circuit [illegible] which *double* the sum now subscribed. Missionary [illegible] could be raised [illegible] the circum-